

THE Poor Whore's Lamentation:

O R,

The Fleet-street Crack's Complaint

F O R

Want of T R A D I N G.

To the Tune of, *The Guinea wins her*, &c.

Licensed according to Order.

PRay hear my Lamentation
Young Gallants of the City,
Without dissimulation
Afford one grain of pitty;
Unto a Lady of the Town,
Cloath'd in a ragged tatter'd Gown,
For Traiding's grown so dead,
Upon my Maiden-head,
Tha' though abroad I stay,
I do not yearn I say
Sometimes a groat a day;
We are poor, the trade was never so before.

I once did wear my Tower,
Rich Silks and sumptuous Laces,
They all were in my power,
I got them by Embaces;
My Chain and Locket both of Gold,
Which was most delightful to behold,
And Sparks did me adore,
I rol'd in Guinea's store;
This was a living Trade,
My Plumes I then display'd,
And kept my Waiting-maid,
But now, now, their Trade will not such State allow.

They treated me with Vexor,
To gain a minute's pleasure,
Yet over them I'd Hector
And make them wait my leisure,
I was the topping Crack of all,
Noble Lords would at my Lodging call;
I went in rich Array,
Much like a Lady gay,
But now my Sleeves of Lawn,
And Smocks are all in pawn,
My Cullies are withdrawn,
I strange, strange, at such a sad and dismal change.

My price it was a Guinny,
Not long before last *Easter*,
But now there is so many,
I'm glad to take a Teaster,
For why the Trade is spoil'd of late
There's little *Nan y, Bridget, Puss* and *Kate*,
They'll play at you no what,
For Two-pence and a Pot;
And thus quite through the Town,
The prizes are run down,
We ne'er get half-a-crown,
Well paid, those *Gillians* has so spoil'd the Trade.

There's *Bridget, Prue* and *Nancy*,
The 'r fond and foolish Nifes,
If they a Cully fancy,
They'll never stand for prizes,
Immediately on him they'll dore,
But this makes them wear a Thread-bare-Coat;
And I among the rest,
With 'rrows am oppress'd,
To see it worse and worse,
If it continues thus,
I shall be bound to Curse,
Them all, who first did let their Prizes fall.

I was as fair a Creature,
As most was in the Nation,
You never saw a sweeter,
When in my Golden Station,
My beauty is not much decay'd,
For if I had but a living Trade,
I should be fine and gay,
Then Gallants come away,
My name is loving *Nell*,
I do in *Fleet-street* dwell,
And I shall use you well,
Come again, and raise my honour once again.

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T H E
FEMALE DOCTRESS
O R,
Mother Midnights Cure
F O R
Barrenness in VVomen,
B E I N G

A True Relation of a VVoman that pretended to Cure VVomen
of Barrenness; Especially in the *Mist* in *Southwark*.

Increased according to Order.

Time, 1694, September 12. 1695.

[1]

ALL you Ladies that are Barren,
If Old-age be'n crept too far on,
In a Month or two it may be,
You may if willing conceive with Baby.
Take but the Measures which I shall here give you,
I have Rare Medicines will ne'r deceive you,
For I have Huddyl Copulation.
Above this Sixty Years in this Nation

If your Husbands O Jand Chaz,
Or si Young, and grown so lazy,
I'll renew their Strength or Beamer,
And make them able to do their Duty.
O their better part I could not would care you
To every 8. In that is the path to please you
For Kock you and I'll show you
You will be satisfied I shall show you

[2]

Young Brak Wives who ne'r have Laid,
Who of Wedlock are Complaining,
And at Christnings tell your Neighbour,
How sparing your Spouse is of his Labour.
Let it proceed from what Causes soever,
Suffer me but to use my Endeavour;
Take a Dose of my *Elisir*;
And I am certain, 'twill do the Trick Still

Ladies who are Barren Wives,
And in Labour are in Pains,
I'll soon teach you to be easy,
To do the Business with ease,
You at the End of three Days,
With what will please you best, I'll
Take but my *Elisir*;
You shall see 'twill do the Trick still

[3]

You in your Neighbour's House
Swear the Fault to be your Spouse's,
If too weak we'll make him stronger,
If he's too short we'll make him longer,
Let him observe the Directions I'll give him,
Of all Impediments I'll relieve him,
To a Shilling I'll hold I warrant,
Never more but he is of your own

Barren Wives let me benefit you,
If you want or want to be,
Make to see your Copulation,
I'll assist you in your Copulation,
I'm to be Head of the Sign of the Sealion,
Closely embracing the Star Mag-Madison,
Left that that D. of the Sealion,
In the Maternity of the Sealion